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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"GIB"—MORT!

By J. Frederick Meagher, Installment II

GIBS STEPS OUT OF THE PICTURE

Gibson, the happy-hearted, steps out of our ranks today;
Genial, gifted Gibson has drifted afar away
Gone are the olden, golden days when his head was high;
Gone is the gladsome, gleaming glint in his honest eye;
Stilled are the sturdy shoulders that carried a giant's part—
Ghosts of a grin oft hiding the hurts in his high, huge heart
Faithful Father of Fratdom—our Miracle Man, they say—
Gib steps out of the picture forever and ever and aye.

Our frail frat frigate has weathered the storms of some thirty years
With Gibson, the happy helmsman, commanding our hopes and fears.
Did he line his nest for the future or scheme for an age of case,
As he bailed out his leaking dory—a-sailing uncharted seas?
He followed his honest compass when the winds of temptation blew;
He conquered with clever cutlass a crafty and cut-throat crew
Gibson, our great commander—avoiding the reef and wreck—
Sailing into the harbor, drops dead on his quarter deck!

When Francis P. Gibson, the world's greatest deaf-mute, died unexpectedly in St. Luke's Hospital at 8:05 Wednesday morning, December 4, 1929—following an operation the day before for hernia and gall-stones—the old insurance-genius proved the truth of his own life-preachment: "You never can tell what will happen."

Punctually at 8:30 that morning Grand Secretary-Treasurer Arthur L. Roberts arrived at his headquarters desk in Chicago's loop canyons.

There was a phone message for him from the hospital: "Come at once, serious."

For perhaps the first time in his systematic and well-ordered life, our cool-headed little financier frantically shoved a neat pile of letters aside and dashed for the door.

A taxi soon brought him to St. Luke's. Ascending alone to room 611, he surveyed the four beds.

Three were empty. A screen hid the fourth. He was alone. Roberts approached the screen slowly. A telltale sheet hid some big body. Seemed strange they had removed Gibson to another room since his last visit yesterday. He started out, then across the hall Bobs suddenly observed young Don Gibson and his bride of a few months ministering to the weeping widow of our Grand Old Frat.

Bobs stood in a daze. Slowly a terrible suspicion penetrated his whirling brain. Terrified, he stole back on tip-toe to the still form behind that screen. With trembling hand he slowly withdrew the concealing sheet.

Could that be the face of Francis P. Gibson?

Not the kindly, smiling, supremely-human face we knew and loved. It was the face of a fighter—fighting to the bitter end against death and the restraining hands of doctors, nurses and his family. He perished in a delirious battle to get up and return to his desk.

Now the face of a fighter is not a beautiful thing to see. Especially in death. Horatius at the bridge; Mollie Pitcher at Concord; Alvin York in Flanders; Jack Dempsey arising against Firpo; and Francis P. Gibson keeping his rendezvous with death! They were faces no artist could possibly transpose to canvas in all their grisly, grim reality. All the smouldering fires of indomitable souls surging to the surface in one superhuman effort—the grand, glorious, heroic outburst of a lone wolf fighting hopeless odds.

Popular paintings picture such heroes as fighting off death with a smile Huh! No dead-game warrior ever smiled as he sallied out to smash into the crisis of his career. And good old Gib died game.

Roberts felt the face. It was still warm.

Trembling, sick at heart, he put back the sheet.

Dizzy and dopey, Roberts hurried back to headquarters, where he galvanized the force into a spurt of tremendous activity. Anything was better than mutely musing on the sudden tragedy. Telegrams—some 175 in all—were instantly dispatched to every division and to prominent deaf and hearing parties. Both doors of Gibson's office were reverently, softly closed. Softly — without the least jar — as if not to arouse or annoy the mighty spirit which must be somewhere hovering there. Seeing—but unseen. The headquarters forces were three highly-educated and intelligent men and a capable typist; they knew all about the insurance game. Life-expectancy, rate of interest, accrument and lapsation-ratio—all, all could be figured out by rule-of-thumb to the minutest fraction. There was not a thing connected with insurance, high or low, that they did not know— except this one question: *Where do our spirits go from here?*

Gib died at 8:05—8:05—8:05—man alive, don't you get it? Why, that's the very minute his train was due to cross the frontiers of Evanston and steam through the raw lake wind into Chicago. Even in dying, Gib kept to his daily schedule.

Tread softly. The spirit of Francis P. Gibson might be with them even then. And—blind, blind, they could not see.

Mrs. Gibson set the funeral for one o'clock Saturday afternoon and assigned the venerable patriarch of all Deafdom—the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, of the Methodist Episcopal mission—to conduct it. A large chapel was engaged a block from the famed Wilson Avenue "L" corner—immortalized in story and in D. W. Griffith's films.

Thursday and Friday the big headquarters office was giving nearly all its time to receipting for telegrams, and assigning contracts for floral tributes from divisions and individuals as directed by wire. The four of the force were still creeping around on awed tip-toe. t must be a hideous nightmare; big, burly, bluff and breezy Gib couldn't really be dead, could he? At any moment he would open his door and breeze briskly out—amazingly light for one of his size and weight; breeze out with the old familiar high-head slightly sideways in perplexity; the old half-twisted smile beaming brotherly beatitudes.

Saturday dawned—and what a dawn. "It was probably the darkest day in Chicago's history," said the official weather forecaster. At 10 o'clock it was black as midnight, and the amount of electrical current rose to the evening peak-load level—813,000 kilowatts. "Smog," a combination of clouds, fog, and the customary smoke-screen, necessitated full street lights all over Chicago. What a tribute Nature provided for our great one. "Black Saturday," the papers called it. It was — for us.

Around noon, a brief but heavy snowstorm relieved the condition. But it was still far, far too murky to permit any photographs of the funeral.

We garland him with flowered frills—
Fair flowers, row on rows.
He'd just ascended higher hills
Than even Denver knows.

The Skeeles-Rockfeller funeral chapel at 4523 Broadway seats some 150. It was jammed when I arrived, half-an-hour before the funeral. The ushers of No. 1, would not even make an attempt to find seats for the press. (From the immemorial we deaf have been woefully remiss in displaying proper courtesy and consideration to the press—which may be the reason we get so little favorable publicity, and the oralists get so much.) As a last resort, I apealed to dapper little Roberts—who has rightfully assumed the mantle of Elijah; and Roberts promptly and personally saw that I was that I was well-placed, sandwiched in between two sign-singers.

Fully 250 silents either swarmed the front parlor, or tried to peer through the windows from the sidewalk, standing outside in the cold snow. (For the benefit of these, Mr. Gus Hyman presently relayed the services as interpreted in the clear, ringing voice of the Rev. Mrs. Constance Elmes.

Present were all past Grand Presidents—Kleinhans, Bristol and Anderson—save for the first of them all, Peter Hellers, of Detroit, certificate number one. Vice-president Neesam from Delavan, and Shilton from Toronto (Canada) were here, as were Chicago trustees Leiter, Barrow and Flick. Only Mueller, of Louisville, and Howson, of Berkeley, were absent from the Grand roster.

The chapel walls are garlanded solid with floral tributes, suspended from the picture moulding, and the rear ante-room is piled deep with the last arrivals. Surrounding by an immense mass of beautiful blooms lies our Grand Old Frat. The expensive silken casket lies open, revealing the wan, worn, jaundiced features.

The undertaker has succeeded in restoring a semblance of Gibson's usual joyous expression. There is a faint trace of the well-loved, genial, gladsome grin.

Just as in life—collected, calm we found him,
Dean of the Deaf, loved leader of his race;
Now, with death's darkened shadows gathered round him,
The same sad smile still frozen on his face.

Seating arrangements seem on a first-come-first-served basis. In the pitifully inadequate pews are numerous nondescripts, and even a few outright enemies of the deceased, while lifelong friends and alles are henceforth obliged to stamp their feet in the cold outside. Charles Kemp, for nine years Gib's confidential clerk, and that pretty little typist (hearing) who has taken most of Gib's letters for about the same length of time, are among the shut-outs in the snow.

Talk about justice. This is a queer world sometimes.

The two pews reserved for the widow and family-friends prove insufficient just before the service starts. Thereon Roberts, Barrow and other pallbearers courteously surrender their pews and stand in the rear ante-room throughout. Missing most of the sign-service, of course.

Was there ever such a triumphal outpouring in tribute to a deaf-mute? Our young-old leader would have appreciated some such kindly local consideration in life. "A prophet is never without honor—save in his own town," you know.

One o'clock. For once in history a Chicago affair starts right on the dot. The benevolent and benign Hasenstab and his hearing daughter, the Rev. Constance Elmes, are prepared to proceed with the last sad rites. But where is the pulpit? "We never needed any," says the surprised undertaker. "The pastorate always stands right by the casket, on floor level, of course, being up in the air won't make your voice any plainer."

"But these mourners are all deaf; they must see, don't you see?"

It is not quite plain to the puzzled mortician—but, anxious to please, he hastily brings a box and aranges a make-shift pulpit, about sixteen inches high. How typical of Gib—even in death, difficulties and obstacles block his pathway.

Promptly at 1:04 the service starts.

Miss Cora Jacobs, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, sign-sings: "Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Eventide." Right behind her abides all that is mortal of the world's greatest deaf-mute, on whom the shades of eventide have suddenly fallen. A week ago at this hour he was back from lunch, starting his last four-hour clean-up of frat work.

The pastor renders Psalm 23. "He leadeth me in green pastures beside the still water . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." Goodness did. Ah, if you only knew all I know of Gib.

He is reading St. John 14: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." Even as Gib prepared a place down here for many a deaf widow who would otherwise be destitute.

The ruddy, schoolboy complexion of the venerable Hasenstab—fringed with snow-white sideburns—resembles some Old Master's conception of an ancient saint. Beaming a benediction and a belief in life beyond the grave, his smoothly punctuated sign-delivery strikes home with ringing force.

All Angels' church now has its place on the program, for Mrs. Washington Barrow—wife of a charter member of the original frat (certificate number eight, Barrow, a tenure in Grand office exceeds that of even Gib himself) sings: "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom." It was a gloomy this morning all right. And life seems singularly gloomy for us all right now. For some reason this was always Gibson's favorite hymn. Thanksgiving, only a few days before his death, son Don's pretty bride was pounding the piano, and all the happy family were joining in, save deaf grandma Taylor and Gib himself, (Mrs. Gibson is the hearing daughter of deaf parents.) "Anything special you want me to play for you?" petite Mrs. Don finally asked Gib, politely. "Yes, play 'Lead Kindly Light,' won't you, please?" he rejoined. Surprised and puzzled, the young lady gladly complied, and with fingers on the piano-top to catch the vibration, Gib "listened" until great tears rolled down his honest old cheeks.

It was the last music, the last song, he ever heard.

Unless he hears it now—wherever he is—looking down on us mutes, mute in sorrow.

Rev. Hasenstab now proceeds with the burial service itself. "With the sudden sad passing of Francis P. Gibson," he begins, "We learn how unstable and mutable is life. Like deaf Beethoven, Gibson sang a Symphony of Service to the Silent." He goes into brief detail: "The Gibsons have been married thirty-seven years; theirs was a blissfully ideal union, an example and inspiration of connubial constancy. One child came to gladden the couple, and . . ." He proceeds in characteristic Hasenstab style, gracefully jerky sign-sentences rapidly delivered, punctating each sentence with a gasp-pause to let the purport sink in. The air is suffocatingly heavy with the aroma of expensive blossoms—like some low-roofed greenhouse. Heads seem to blurr; that genial face in vivid contrast to the white satin background of the raised lid, draws our attention from the parson as though by a magnet. Wish I had a glass of cold water. With unwearying arms, the saintly Hasenstab continues: ". . . Gallaudet College awarded the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1928 to him who enjoyed but a common-school education . . ." You catch a word, here and there, in the kaleidoscopic jumble through weary eyelids.

The parson runs endlessly on, swiftly and smoothly; just a plain recital of known facts—none of the "I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him" grand-stand style of oratory. It is so plain and simple that it hurts. That sinking in the pit of your stomach as you watch them chalk up falling prices on the Wall Street board; that dizzy, helpless lassitude just before the last of a thousand boxing gloves knocks you into merciful unconsciousness; the bursting in your head when carbon fumes from the running motor in your closed garage begin to act. I've known them all. It seems like that today.

Will the sermon never end? That face just behind the patient old patriarch distracts our attention . . . Gib's face . . And yet it is not Gib . . Plain proofreader—back in '03—me still in school—kid figurehead-president of craxy schoolboy "pipe-dream"—David and Goliath over again; David routed the grafters . . That same Gib? . . . Just a plain proofreader took over a busted treasury twenty-six and one half years ago—fought and schemed and stacked his cards against enemies both without and within—leaves it a Million Dollar Monument for the Miracle Man of Mutedom . . Sing the Saga . . Stretching a shoestring into a fortune . . . But NOT FOR HIMSELF . . . His widow will get her policy—and then she can starve for all we care, I guess . . If he had worked for himself instead of for us — what a difference . . .

Can it really be "30" for the old proofreader—who rose to become Emperor of the Eminent Enterprise? "Thirty" is printer-code for the end of the story—put the paper to bed. Only last Saturday, November 30th (there goes that numeral again) at this hour he was back from lunch, starting his last four-hour stretch—the last—very last—of thousands and thousands of hours on the same old grind. He leaves a million dollars—yet he hardly left a cent for his widow. His life is now "ringed 30"—he put "30" on his career on the 30th. And he has "taken the paper to bed" with him.

"30"

He pockets his patient pencil
And shelters his sharpened shears;
Oh, he heaves a sigh
As he bids good-bye
To the labor of thirty years!

Will coming generations of Deafdom celebrate August 6th, his birthday? Or December 4th, his death? Just as we do December 10—Gallaudet's birthday? November 30th seems preferable — its very significance seems to smash one between the eyes.

It is now 1:36. The sermon ends with the quiet motions: "The frats can safely go ahead following Gibson's blazed trail with God's guidance." A sudden united sigh of relief from the 150 sardined mourners causes maiden-fern boquets above us to waft gently too-and-fro. The only moving thing for endless seconds. Gallaudet; Laurent Clerc; Gibson!

Rev. Hasenstab prays. A fervent prayer. That drawn, jaundiced, yellow face vividly contrasted by the cool white satin pillow—in just a few moments now will forever be shut from the light of day.

Forever and ever, world without end.

Mrs. Meagher sign-sings: "Oh, Love That Will Not Let Me Go" (The Christian Life.) Gibson and she were schoolmates, nearly half-a-century ago, in the little old Chicago Day School. Only Gibson and herself, of all the bunch, have risen above dull mediocrity. Many the tales this past third vice-president of the National Association of the Deaf could tell of the long ago, when Gibson was just a bubbling boy full of quaint conceits and queer quips—with nothing to indicate he would one day become our greatest of the great. "He often pulled my pigtails—all the boys did—but Gibson was one of the few who never yanked hard enough to hurt."

And now the little German immigrant renders her last service to her schoolmate.

Time, 1:42. Rev. Hasenstab gives directions for reaching Rosehill cemetery by either car or trolley. "And the fraternal ritual will be delivered at the grave."

At 1:44 the tall undertaker with his immobile mute face snatches up the rude "pulpit" on which the last rites have just been read. A long parade begins. Gib's Army of Unsung Soldiers of the Silence commence their last review. Taking their farewell look at the Great Commander.

Those outside, and in the far rear end, parade slowly up the aisle. No loitering, no lingering; just a quick glance then reverse down the partitioned-off exit-aisle. Smiling "Sully" bows them out, good-naturedly keeping them moving. "Sully" and Gib were the two strong men of that once-mighty Silent Athletic Clubhouse venture—with its $25,000 bond flotation. Without "Sully" and Gib, the silent suckers who bought those bonds would probably have lost every penny.

Slowly up the aisle they parade. Friend and enemy; deaf and hearing; high and low—one last "Skoal" to the departed Viking.

A Viking warrior sailing off to Valhalla without even a dog at his feet.

There's Gib's tidy typist. Her little feet are wet from standing in the snow. So are Kemp's. Kemp came to headquarters before Roberts did. He would now be in line for promotion to Gib's shoes, if——. Here's Abie Weisbaum; an old-timer—one of the low-certificate-number fraters. Gib saved his life. Hardly worth saving, if you ask me, perhaps. I see several frats I personally know depended on Gib for help many a time; possibly with advice, possibly with money—a quarter, a half, or a few dollars. They always got it. (Out of Gib's own pocket—no wonder he seldom had a new suit.) Why, here's one man he saved from prison (Oh, all the deaf doings don't find their way into the columns of the Journal, believe me.) A month ago that little liar told Gib I was surreptitiously cooking up rebellion against his rule. (Gib promptly asked me kindly—and took my word for it. Gib knew I was mistaken, sometimes—but he knew I never lied.) And here are at least two implacable enemies of Gib's who never missed an opportunity to hinder, humilate and harass him. Wonder it they really feel the sorrow they try to show?

Oh well, Gib is gone beyond reach of their malignant digits now. He always was a forgiving chap. "What's the use?" he would ask, when I'd often suggest a red-hot, straight-from-the-shoulders muckraking expose-series of articles in the deaf magazines.

1:55; the last of the long line ends its eleven minute parade, and I also rise, to pass in review—leaving only the immediate family for its own last look. Did ever a deaf-mute know such a tribute? Or ever will—unless it be Helen Keller?

But Helen Keller runs with the Lords of Creation—as propaganda for the Oral Moloch. Gibson died as he lived, true to his code, friend of the plain people and benefactor of the common deaf-mute.

Now my last look at the Grand Old Frat. In whose behalf I battled these long, bitter years. Lacking his glasses, he looks younger than his fifty-nine winters. The high patriarch brow stands out in bold relief. (Wonder if they replaced the tremendous brain and stout heart, which had been removed for autopsy to determine cause of death? "Heart o' Gold," I called it in one Denver poem— it was the heart killed him; blood-clot.) Plainly dresed, only a small gold-plated frat button on his lapel, and the gold gift-ring with the same emblem will distinguish his bones when—centuries hence—whatever race then rules this original land of the Redskin shall unearth him in its historical and archæological explorations. Only those two enameled emblems to endure throughout the ages—will the archæologists recognize him therefrom as the King Tut of a downtrodden people, way back in the unenlightened ages of the Twentieth Century?

There is no grand-stand play over the casket. No "bloody oath" of revenge against traducers who caused him so many anguished hours— and perhaps hastened his death. No uplifted hand; no vows to "carry on." As quietly and simply as guests leaving the supper-table to assemble in the parlor, we take our last leave of the old familiar face.

A wreath of wizardy we wove around him—
Quick on the quip and tender on the tear;
The Shadowland of Silence stoutly bound him—
Our Muted Master of the Empty Ear.
In mellow melody of mystic motion
He'd dedicate his deafness to our lot,
Life's ebb-tide takes him to Time's endless ocean—
Gib; unforgettable and unforgot!

Outside in the cold, the brisk breeze from the lake five blocks away somewhat refreshens reeling brains. There is a scurry for taxicabs by those who can afford them. And a scamper for trolleys by those who can't. Mrs. Whitson has two vacant seats left in her Chev—the Meaghers scramble in.

Follows a long wait in double-line of cars. 2:12; and here come three big touring-cars heaped high with flowers. Distant divisions sure "say it with flowers." Wish they had said it with substantial support at Atlanta '21 and St. Paul '24. Next comes the limousine-hearse, looking almost like a private car. The double-line swings behind in single-file, and is off on the slippery macadam. Funeral processions are privileged to ignore stop-lights in Chicago—and we do. Even so, the Whitson car dashes up at precisely 2:30, just as they are sliding the casket out of the hearse

Washington Barrow (charter frater, certificate number eight), Arthur L. Roberts and Louis Newman, carry the casket on the right. John D. Sullivan, Leo Clinnen and Harrison Leiter on the left. Barrow, Roberts and Leiter are Grand Officers; "Sully" was Gib's co-Trojan in up-building the Sac.

That undertaker in his high silk hat is all business. Almost as brisk and brusque as "Jumbo" Mueller on the platform. Why the rush? 1:31; and the casket already rests on the grave-bands ready for easement into the fresh-dug chasm.

Look around. The site is ideal for our future pilgrimages. Gibson's grave is on the edge of the road—I can step right into the open maw from the graveled drive—200-yards from the cemetery entrance. The Gibson plot is commandingly situated on the bend of the turning circle. A marble shaft towers twelve feet overhead: "Captain George Gibson." Strange, Gib never told me he came from a fighting family. "What's bred in the breed," you know; those plucky bulldog British. Right back of the Gibson marker: "Major-General George Bell, A. E. F." Why, Bell was one of the Big Heroes of the World War.

I wish now that, in one of my hundred long invasions of his office, I had thought to pump Gib for posthumous data— instead of always bubbling over with my own childish troubles. Gib always seemed so intrested in US, that we never thought of being interested in HIM.

(Later—I learn Gib's father was a sea captain, and his brother was a captain in the old Dandy First before the war.)

2:31; and the venerable Hasenstab begins his grave-side service. Isn't he the only deaf parson who never joined the N. F. S. D.? Far, far too old, I guess. His hearing daughter, the Rev. Mrs. Constance Elmes, stands beside him to interpret. By standing bareheaded in this near-zero weather, that quarterback of Gallaudet College's great FIRST team of nigh fifty years ago, is inviting quick pneumonia. He looks spry and nimble—but Allabough, Cloud and Gibson also *looked* like trained athletes shortly before their sudden death.

The casket is covered with the big Grand Divisions blanket of blossoms. Blooms galore have already been piled head-high, concealing the hideous raw earth alongside the grave. One should pay attention to the parson; but the sheer, stark realism holds one fascinated. So momentous, yet so simple.

The undertaker drops a few rose-petals on the casket: "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust." Can that really be Gib—OUR Gib? So the casket is not to be opened? There are fully 350 around the grave, mostly deaf. Some say 500; it may be 400; newspapers will claim 1500. But I stick to accuracy; there are *at least* 350. And it is bitter cold.

My tummy is sick. Yours too? We must eaten something that disagrees with us.

2:35; the service ends. Most of us heed the request of kindly old Hasenstab to follow hi min signs: "Our Father . . Thy will be done . Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil . . . Amen."

"Deliver us from evil?" Seems almost like good old Gib speaking in person. Himself a 100% moral man, he was always harping on the clean-living theme. He lived clean—he's dead.

2:36; Rev. Hasenstab announces the N. F. S. D. ritual will now proceed. He steps back, and First Vice-president Frederick J. Neesam, of Delavan, Wis., now takes his place. First time I ever saw the N. F. S. D. "ritual." Proves to be a ritual by courtesy only; none of the mysterious pageantry I looked for. Neesam simply relates the fraternal career, or history, of the deceased—muchly boiled-down, of course: "Became a member in 1903; president '03 to '05; reorganization certificate number 61." Typical . Civil War started in '61; old "61" certainly put down several near civil-wars in his ranks as neatly as old Abe Lincoln did . . Lincoln and Gib were both Illinois lads . . Neesam, the orator, looks like a dead-ringer for Honest Abe—only his wart is not as large.

Neesam warms up: "Bro. Gibson served twenty-two years in Grand office; he leaves a large monument, covering all of North America, in the N. F. S. D . His spirit is with us still; we shall onward go . When he went to the hospital he left only two words: 'Carry On!" It wos his last wish, and we will. All now join me in a last salute." And, bareheaded, we faced the casket in military salute.

2:41; Silk-hat touches a lever, and the casket slowly starts its descent. Simultaneously a crazy gust of icy-cold wind sweeps in from the lake. Pall-bears throw their dark gray gloves on the flower-strewn casket, now forever fading slowly out of sight. Fading slow, inexorably slow— like some helpless wight sinking into the quicksands. Gibson saved many a man from the quicksands of fate; there are none to save HIM, now. He is doomed to lie alone, with only cold trees stretching cold, barren limbs in cold grey skies above. The cold seems terrific. An unkempt gravedigger roughly removes some flowers too near. His clodhopper brogans ruthlessly step on a frail fallen bloom and scrunch it to a shapeless pulp. Just as clodhopper character-assassins with clodhopper brains used to crush Gib's good name. He never was able to entirely live down the ridiculous canards propagated by the three grafting Grands he ousted from office in 1905—when he staked all to save the society. And saved it—at the expense of his own god name, and the office. Not until dear old Denver convention. 1927, was the "Wrong of 1905" fitly righted.

Some of these sad-faced hypocrites in this circles of 330 were lambasting Gib's good name as recently as last night, too. Oh, well, Gib did not seem to care much in life—he won't care in death. "They" used to lampoon

(Continued on fourth page)

Deaf Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1929

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Among the hundreds of greeting cards sent to the editor during the Christmastide, there are several of original prose sentiment that would gladly be published were the space available. Poetical effusions were many, but only a few were original. Our Pennsylvania friend, George M. Teegarden, who is lavishly gifted with the divine afflatus, contributes a card with the following verses:—

"The Season brings us joy supreme,
With rapture it is glowing
With faith that love is infinite
And golden streams a-flowing—
A shining Star is oft his guide
Who journeys forth at eventide.

"A gladsome tone is good to hear
As we onward thread our way—
Ah, let the song of love sweep by,
Be it hopeful, sweet and gay,
So, friend pass on the wondrous tale
With cheerful speech and kindly hail."

George William Veditz, the prolific writer and fighter for the deaf, whose floral demesne is in the shadow of Pike's Peak, Colorado, scribbles on back of his Christmas Card of Greeting:—

"Waes hael, Old Top! and every kind of Christmas cheer."

"When shall we two meet again?
In thunder, lightning or in rain?
Or in the splendors of Pike's Peak?
To bring those old times back again?"

We embrace this occasion to tell the deaf of the world that unstinted thanks for their kind remembrances go out to them for the kindly words their numerous messages contain, making the dun grey sanctum of the editor to glow with unwonted glory. God bless them all, and bring them happiness and joy throughout the year to come.

JOURNAL READERS will probably excuse the omission of some news this week, as Christmas Day requires earlier publication to get the paper off on time. It falls on our regular mailing day, when the Post Office people, like the rest of us, want to have a day off in which to make merry. Next week a like condition must be observed, in order that New Year's Day be properly celebrated. During the year 1930, the same regularity as has marked previous years will be scrupulously adhered to.

The past twelve months have been marked with general prosperity of the deaf as well as the hearing, and this prosperity has been good to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which has faithfully chronicled all the news of any importance that has occurred to affect the happiness or welfare of the "silent class." May good fortune in the coming year smile on every one of you!

ACCORDING to a New York daily newspaper, deputy sheriffs of the Shark River archipelago of Ten Thousand Islands, an uncharted area of land, water and mangrove swamp, on the southwest coast of Florida, are searching for an ex-convict, one of whose crimes was cutting the throat of a deaf-mute, named James Hamilton.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE

Exams! Exams! Exams! Is there ever a time in the life of a college student when he behaves more ridiculously than during the week of term examinations? He does things voluntarily that he never dreams of doing at any other time. He gets up at four-thirty instead of the usual seven-fifteen, and goes to bed at some unearthly hour instead of getting his regular beauty nap. And on top of all that he gets gray-haired worrying over the results of his examinations. He loses his appetite, he becomes haggard and wan and developes dark circles beneath the eyes. By the time the week of examinations is over, he is a physical and mental wreck and he needs every moment of the next two weeks to recuperate.

The students of Gallaudet have come through their first term examinations with more or less safety. There were the usual number of failures, but so far no one has to migrate to the insane asylum as a result of the effects of his or her outcome in the work of the first term. And now everybody is making merry, for there is no more work until December 30th, and all are trying to make the best of their time

Friday, December 20th, witnessed one of the fastest basketball games we have had in a long time. The game was played on our court with the team from Arnold College. After the boys had gathered up all the available splinters on the floor of the Old Jim, had nearly burst the ball open with their rough handling, and had more than once forgotten that they were playing basketball, not football, the game ended in a score of 39 to 31 in our favor.

Saturday morning, December 21st, the students gathered in Chapel Hall, and took their seats with quaking hearts and trembling knees, for their fate was now to be decided. President Hall read the list of students who had passed in all their subjects, causing both rejoicing and sorrow.

After Chapel, the students amused themselves in various ways. Some spent their time doing all the work they had left undone during the examination week. They washed, ironed, scrubbed, polished and dusted to their heart's content, at least that is what the young ladies did. We entertain grave doubts of the ability of the young men to do these things, much less enjoy them. What the young men did that morning we do not know, but we are certain that a large percent of them made for the theatres of the city during the afternoon. The girls went shopping almost in a body during the afternoon. Some went to shows, others stopped off to satisfy their appetites, and still others wearied of the crowds, who were continually mashing their toes, and came back home. At any rate, they were all here safe and sound by supper time.

The Sophomore class decided to make merry that night. A class party had been scheduled for them, and they were eager to start the fun. The girls were in charge of the entertainments. The girls of the Sophomore Class have long dubbed themselves the "S.S.S.C.," and on this memorable night they intended to initiate the boys to that sacred secret order.

After the initiation everybody gathered around the open fireplace and while waiting for refreshments, each person did something to entertain the others. Punch and sandwiches and cookies were served at about nine-thirty. After that there was dancing until ten o'clock when the boys took their leave. Two of the young gentlemen were gallant enough to help the girls fix up the Reading Room before leaving Fowler Hall. Thus the girls were saved from having to do more heavy work.

While this party was in progress the rest of Fowler Hall had migrated to one of the neighborhood theatres. From the appearance they presented when they returned, they must have enjoyed the trip and the show to the utmost. We, however, were so tired that we tumbled into bed without waiting to make sure.

All over the country everyone is looking forward with delight to the arrival of December the twenty-fifth. While we often feel that Christmas is for the children, still we must confess that when Christmas-tide draws near, there is something in the air that makes our hearts beat faster and makes us feel glad that we are alive. We often find ourselves feeling more kindly toward our fellow-men on Christmas than we usually do. Seems that we withdraw from our shell of conceit and selfishness during that season and begin to think a little more of the happiness of others. Christmas is a time of good cheer and of happiness. And, though we do feel that Christmas is a "children's day," still, feeling as we do at this moment, we cannot resist the temptation to wish you all

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS!

GENEVA FLORENCE.

A lowbrow is a person who refuses to be bored if there's an "exit" near by.

OMAHA

The Midwest chapter held its annual public meeting in the N. S. D. auditorium, Saturday evening, December 7th. Dr. J. Schuyler Long opened the program with a talk on "The Deaf of Other Days," and as usual received the close attention of all. Next came a play called "The Tempest in a Teapot," arranged by Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship, and considering the fact no rehearsal was held, it was a gratifying success. The "tempest" raged between Brazil and Argentina, with a court scene as the setting. Witnesses for the two countries were as follows: For Brazil: Paraguay, Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship; Venezuela, Leo. R. Holway; Uruguay, Mrs. Harrry G. Long; Peru, Mrs. F. Arthur Clayton. For Argentine: Bolivia, Robert W. Mullin; Guiana, Mrs. Ziba L. Osmun; Chile, Mrs. Emma Seely; Ecuador, Mrs. John E. Probert.

Colombia (neutral) Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke. His Honor, the Judge—Harry G. Long. Constable—Millard Bilger. Clerk of the Court—James R. Jelinek. Lawyers—T. Scott Cuscader for Argentina, and Emil Henriksen for Brazil. Each one was punished and required to either dance, sing, or tell a joke. Mrs. Clayton was the only one, who really "sang," with "Little Orphant Annie," in a very coquettish manner. Mrs. Blankenship gave a good monologue. The judge was disguised with the arguments advanced and left without giving a verdict. Eugene Fry, as Andy Gump, in a splendid disguise, advanced to the stage and gave the "optience" a good address, chock full of epotism. Owen Study, with his original slang signs made an A1 interpreter, or at least he gave that impression. Suddenly from behind the curtains appeared the "cook," who announced "Soup's on." It was none other than the jolly Robert W. Mullin attired in a gingham house dress, sans trousers, displaying socks and garters and bare legs. This finished Andy's speech. There was nothing slow about Mrs. Fry's impersonation of Andy Gump. They repeated the performance, Monday evening, December 16th, at the Iowa school, on invitation of the Literary Society there, and we have it that they did much better and before a more appreciative audience as a number of teachers were present. For some time past the O. W. L. S. of the Midwest Chapter have been selling chances, at ten cents per, on a handsome wicker lamp, donated by Miss Grace Evans. At the close of the Omaha program, the drawing took place, with little Betty Gomme picking out the lucky number, which went to Norman Scarvie. Over fifteen dollars were realized, which will go to the O. W. L. S. scholarship fund of Gallaudet College.

On Wednesday, December 4th, the deaf of Omaha were shocked to learn of the passing of Grand President Gibson died "in harness," just as he Fraternal Society of the Deaf, at a hospital in Chicago.

He was an ardent and faithful worker for the society, being its first secretary and later Grand President. Mr. Gibson died "in harness" just as he would have it. His last words to the Home office were "carry on." His passing is a great loss to all the Frats in America and is keenly felt. Our sympathy goes to his widow and only son, "Don." President Oscar M. Treuke was sent to attend the funeral and represent Omaha Division. Council Bluffs Division sent President Tom L. Anderson. At the regular meeting of Omaha Division Saturday night, December 14th, a short memorial service was held. President Treuke spoke of his trip, the funeral, the three car loads of flowers and the hundreds of friends that attended. He paid high tribute to Mr. Gibson as a martyr to the N. F. S. D. The Division stood in silence for a moment out of respect to the deceased, and Harry G. Long closed the program by rendering Dr. J. Schuyler Long's beautiful poem, "In Memoriam." Election of officers resulted as follows:—

President, Robert E. Dobson; Vice-President, Riley E. Anthony (re-elected); Secretary, Harry G. Long; Treasurer, Arthur G. Nelson; Director, Robert W. Mullin; Trustee, James R. Jelinek; Sergeant-at-arms, J. W. Claussen.

An old-fashioned hayseed party was given, Saturday night, November 3d, at the Nebraska school auditorium, by the N. A. D. Board. Owing to inclement weather, the crowd was rather small. However, the merrymakers had a lively time. Quite a number appeared as James and Rubes, and the prizes for the most ideal country costumes went to Miss Katharine Slocum and Scott Cuscaden. There was a country court, where mock trials took place, most of the crowd getting arrested by "policeman" Cuscaden for petty offenses. Owen Study was the "Deestrict Judge." A number of gmes were also enjoyed, for which prizes were given. Messrs. F. Millan, of Lincoln; Ray Wright, of Yankton, S. D., and C. Murdey, of Los Angeles, were out-of-town visitors. Mr. Murdey was en route home from a ten-months' visit in Minnesota and other places. He looked as hale and hearty as ever, but was bothered by his left foot, which caused him to limp around.

C. E. Davidson, of Petaluma, Cal., declared he had recovered his hearing and speech after making an airplane dive of 10,000 feet at the Omaha airport. Sorry, but we haven't been able to see him or to prove it.

The I. S. D. "Hawks" football team won six out of eight games, losing only to the Kansas school and Omaha North High teams. Brundige is leading scorer of Omaha and Council Bluffs High School teams, with 80 points. On account of having no gymnasium this winter, the boys will seek diversion on an improvised skating rink until the county basketball tournament next spring.

The N. S. D. has one of the best developed backetball teams in Omaha this winter. Nick Peterson's boys ran up a score of 52 to 5 against Waterloo, Neb. They also beat the Hamilton Tires, sponsored by Z. L. Osmun, in a close-fought game. The score was 21 to 20.

HAL AND MEL.

SEATTLE

News of the sudden death of Grand President Gibson of the N. F. S. D., came as a shock to everyone in Seattle, who knew him. Seeing him last summer on his trip to the coast had made him better known to us all. We understand his death came suddenly following an operation. He has made a fine record, building up his organization till it has attained both size and strength. Thanks to his care it is now on a status, where he can be better spared than if he had been called tne or fifteen years earlier.

On Thanksgiving Day, we had J. C. Howard and Miss Lillian Wennstrom to share our turkey, and afterwards all went for a ride through the boulevards.

Lancelot Evans, who is now baching in an apartment, decided to have a home-cooked Thanksgiving dinner. He bought a cook book and a seven-pound turkey, and after studying the book he proceeded to cook his bird. He tells us the result was delicious, and by the Sunday following Thanksgiving that turkey was only a happy memory. Mr. Evans has grown one of those little sheek moustaches, and his friends are making frank comments about it. He says he raised it so that down at his office at the postal telegraph company they would not think he looked so much like a kid.

On November 30th, our Gallaudet Guild party was a party of progressive whist, with William La Motte in charge. Four prizes were given. Mr. Christenson won an electric cigarette lighter; Mrs. Bodley, a necklace; Mrs. Bertram, a box of handkerchiefs; and Miss Mullin, a shoulder flower. The supper served at ten-thirty had for its chief dish an Italian course of meat balls and spaghetti. This was a specialty suggested by J. C. Howard and largely prepared by him. In his shirt sleeves, adorned with a long apron and a chef's cap, he saw that the meat balls were done to a turn. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all present.

On December 1st, Sunday, in the late afternoon, fifteen of the friends of Miss Sophia Mullin walked in on her and wished her many happy returns of the day. Her two sisters, who were in the secret, so managed that Sophia never smelled a mouse, and she was a really surprised young lady. Her friends brought a number of pretty and appropriate gifts for her, and later there was a nice supper served. Mr. and Mrs. Boyle and Mrs. McCarthy, Sophia's sisters and brother-in-law, showed their affection for their deaf sister by doing all in their power to help make the occasion a merry one. They would allow no one to help them in the kitchen. Mr. Boyle, manager of Ethylgasoline distribution, a great mason, and a man of distinguished appearance, made a delightful and popular waiter. After supper J. C. Howard delighted the crowd with some reminiscences of his college days under E. M. Gallaudet.

Mrs. John Conley has surprised her many friends in the city by making an unheralded visit to her mother. She is doing some Christmas shopping and may be here till after New Year. In the meantime, her bridegroom remains at his post in Lewiston, and with his mother and aunt to look after him will exist as best he can till his bride returns to him.

Mrs. Roy Bradbury had a little party at her home the evening of December 17th. There were present Misses Doris Nation and Sophia Mullin, Mrs. Conley and Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Pickett, and Mrs. Spieler and a sister of Mrs. Bradbury were also of the company part of the time. Just as Mrs. Bradbury had her table set out and piled with sandwiches and cake, her husband and Dr. Hanson came in after the Frat meeting. Mr. Bradbury announced that the annual election had been held, and he was the newly elected president of the Frats for the coming year.

On December 14th, there was a banquet in celebration of Gallaudet birthday, as well as the twenty-fifth year of the Puget Sound Association of the Deaf.

THE HANSONS.

James Lonergan has been under the weather for the past fortnight. A kink in his pedal extremities the cause. All who know Jimmy hope he'll be up and himself again soon.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest

On the evening of November 30th, a surprise party of twenty people, given by Mrs. J. Friedman and Mrs. S. Paul, was held at the luncheonette in the Empire Pastry Shop, to celebrate the tenth anniversary wedding of Mr. and Mrs. I. Bloom. After lunch, all of them except Mr. S. Frankenheim went over to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, who were again surprised to see more friends, his mother and sisters and her sister.

Among the deaf present were Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. I. Zwicker, Mr. and Mrs. M. Weiner, Mr. and Mrs. Polansky, Mr. and Mrs. J. Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hyman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Friedman, Mrs. M. Rosenberg, Miss Bertha Kranzer, Miss Zelda Bernstein, Mr. M. Schnapp, Mr. Lester Hyams, Mrs. Paul and Mr. A. Heine, the brother of Mrs. Bloom.

These guests and Mr. and Mrs. J. Zwicker and Mr. and Mrs. Seandel, who were unable to attend, presented Mr. and Mrs. Bloom with a beautiful imported 100-piece dinner set, with which they were very much pleased. The three prize games were played and the winners were Miss Zelda Bernstein, a very pretty jewelry box; Mrs. Polansky, a box of writing paper; and Mr. M. Weiner, an ash tray.

The last business meeting of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, held last Thursday evening, December 19th, was the largest attended in the history of the organization, there being 188 present.

Ten new men were elected to membership, and eleven new applications received.

The pocket billiard tournament, to start soon, was encouraged by a promised donation of $25 towards the prize winners.

The election of officers for the year 1930, took place after the adjournment of the meeting.

Following are the new officers who will guide the destinies of the League in 1930, and will be installed on Thursday evening, January 16th, 1930:—

President, Jack M. Ebin; 1st Vice-President, Joseph Worzel; 2d Vice-President, Lester Cohen; Secretary, Nathan Schwartz; Treasurer, Samuel Lowenherz; Board of Governors, Max Lubin, Henry Peters and M. W. Loew.

B. H. S. D.

Though we meditate on serious talks and problems and endeavor to improve our minds thereby, we still enjoy fun and gayety.

The Card Party held at the H. E. S. on Sunday evening, December 8th, was such a great success that the members are contemplating another. The refreshments were sampled and enjoyed, and the prizes of mahogany candle sticks were greatly admired and treasured.

Among the prize winners were: Mrs. Glazier, Mr. Hanneman, Miss Stark, Mr. Lipkin, Mrs. Silber and others.

On Friday evening, December 27th, after the religious services, Dr. Alter Landesman, the director of the Hebrew Educational Society, will give us a very instructive sermon on "Chanukka." The following Sunday, December 29th, at 2:30 P.M., at the H. E. S., we will have our usual gala Festival and Entertainment for Chanukka. The group of children are rehearsing their pantomime and all the others on the program are polishing up their acts.

All are welcome! Men, women and children!

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hagan celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary on Saturday evening, December 21st, 1929, at the Hungarian Dining Room, 4814—13th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Louis Hagan is a product of the American School at Hartford, Ct., and before coming to New York, to engage in the Butter and Egg business took a prominent part in the club affairs of the Connecticut deaf, and generally spends his vacation among them, as most of his schoolmates reside there. Here in New York he is more familiar known as the Butter and Egg man. He is a Frater and also a loyal member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, and also has made a host of friends everywhere. Here's hoping that Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hagan will live happily always and celebrate many more anniversaries.

On Saturday afternoon, December 21st, at about 5 P.M., Messrs. Sol E. Pachter and George Sherman were the guests of Joseph Kriegshaber, that made the trip from New York to New London, Ct., a distance of 138 miles, in quick time. The trio remained in New London over night. While there, they visited Mrs. Sarah Feder. They returned to New York Sunday afternoon.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S

The Christmas Celebration at St. Francis Xavier's will be held on SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29th. In last issue the wrong date was printed. Please note that the above date (December 29) is the correct one.

Those who have seen Morris Fleischer's new Auburn 1930 car declare it is a "beaut." Of course, Morris feels proud being the owner of such fine car. The month of November, 1929, will never be forgotten by Morris. It was during the first week in November that he decided on kind of a car, and after making a deposit, was taught to drive. During the first week at night his dreams were mostly in the midst of a big jam in one of the busiest street in the world—Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street.

After he secured the license and drove the car all by himself, at night his dreams continued for some time. They were not very pleasant—for at times they were of violation of the traffic regulations, and in his dream he received more tickets from traffic policemen than he has fingers on both hands.

But now it is December, and Morris has had several days of practice driving about, and his dreams now are more pleasant, so he says, and adds that he is now wedded to his car. Those who attend the N. A. D. Buffalo Convention next August will be able to see Morris and his 1930 Auburn car.

A business meeting of the H. A. D. was held at Temple Israel, 210 West 91st Street, Sunday afternoon, the 15th. Election of officers resulted as follows:—

President, Marcus L. Kenner; First Vice-President, Wm. H. Plapinger; Second Vice-President, M. Schnapp; Secretary, Mrs. A. A. Cohn; Treasurer, H. Plapinger; Members of the Board: J. Ebin, Max Miller and M. W. Loew.

The new officers will be installed at the next meeting on Sunday afternoon, January 19th.

On the evening of the same day, quite a record attendance of about 250 were present; the occasion being a "Bunco" party, which was a novelty imported from our western friends. There were so many prizes awarded, that the writer regrets his inability to jot them down from memory.

The Wednesday evening gym and sewing classes are still "on the go." They are held at 210 West 91st Street, which, by the way, is our official quarters for the present.

Friday evening services, however, are conducted at Temple Emanu-El, 1 East 65th Street, at 8:30 P.M. All welcome.

Mr. Harry Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., was in New York City, Tuesday, December 17th, to attend a meeting of the sub-committee of the Conference of Church Workers among the Deaf, at St. Ann's Church and returned home in the evening of the same day. The sub-committee consists of Revs. Braddock, Merrill and Mr. Stevens.

Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer will sail for California on December 28th, on the Panama-Pacific line steamer "Virginia," to be gone at least until April. Sailing with him will be Mr. and Mrs. George Hull, of Boston, and the Misses Emma Alden and Dorothy Raymond. A hearing brother of Mrs. Hull will also accompany the party.

Miss Madelyn G. Gretcher went to the Brownsville Silent Club on Saturday evening, December 14th, with her brother, Henry, of Hackensack, N. J., in his car, although it was her first visit there. Miss Gretcher enjoyed meeting her old schoolmates from the 23d Street School for Deaf, whom she has not seen for nearly ten years.

Abraham Stein on Wednesday, December 11th, departed for his annual pilgrimage to Hurleyville, N. Y., and Mrs. Stein will join him in a week or so. He strongly believes that going there for a few weeks every year adds to one's life.

The seventh wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Hjalmar Borgstrand was celebrated at their residence on Monday night, the 16th inst. A jolly good time was had and their friends wished them many more years of wedded bliss and happiness.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sylvester was baptized on Sunday, December 23d, by Rev. Mr. Braddock, at St. Ann's Church. As a schoolgirl at Fanwood, Mrs. Sylvester was Connie Pizzutos.

The Literary Committee has arranged for a "Lit" night, to be held at the Union League Hall, 143 West 125th Street, this Sunday evening, December 29th, at 8 o'clock. A small admission charge will be made. All welcome.

Several copies of Mr. Howard L. Terry's new book: "Sung in Silence," as advertised in the JOURNAL, have been sent to Mr. Marcus L. Kenner, to afford Eastern friends on opportunity to examine it.

Miss Esther Rosengren is wearing a diamond ring presented by Mr. Alfred M. Allen, to whom Miss Rosengren is engaged.

Some statistical expert might be pleased to figure the total mileage covered by Christmas cards received by Mrs. W. A. Renner. One came from Hong Kong, China, mailed November 12th. Two started from Valdez, Alaska. There were several from the States of Washington, Oregon, California and Florida, besides a large batch from more local points.

National Association of the Deaf

DE L'EPEE MEMORIAL STATUE COMMITTEE

REPORT 56

Reported August 13, 1929	$10,280 98
Expenditures	3,878 92
Gross Fund	$6,402 06

COLLECTORS

Vincent Dunn, Pittsburgh, Pa.	30 00
Sol D. Weil, Buffalo, N. Y.	25 50
Sam. Frankenheim, N. Y. City	25 50
Richard McCabe, Utica, N. Y.	19 40
R. J. Smoak, Washington, D. C.	7 75
Mae Strandberg, Baltimore, Md.	2 00
Rev. M. A. Purtell, N. Y. City	2 00
Rev. F. E. Philpott, St. Cloud, Fla	1 25
Income from investments	166 68
Gross Fund	$6,682 14
Expenses	34 33
Total Fund	$6,647 81

CONTRIBUTIONS

NEW YORK STATE

Edith C. Scovill, $10; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. B. Spahn, $5; E. J. Vaccaro, $2.50; Agnes C. Fischer, $2.50; Edw. J. Wallace, $2.00; Geraldine Coughlin, $2.00.

$1.00 each.—Stella M. Miller, Gertrude McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Barth, Mollie Levin, Mrs. F. H. Mortimer, J. H. Beyer, F. J. Shanisey, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kimmel, J. I. Devitt, L. D. Pulver, Jos. Devlin, J. L. Connerton, W. E. Munger, P. J. Crennan, R. McCabe, T. V. Booth, J. Cole, S. Richardson, D. A. Costello, H. Larkin, C. Larkin, N. McCabe, C. H. Marston, R. J. Siver, J. J. Adamczyk, C. L. Decker, T. L. Kinsella, E. Baker, Ida Savage.

Fifty cents each.—Genevieve Roberts, T. Harter, F. Krenzer, J. J. Drumm, D. Hughes, D. J. Marsh, C. A. Hilts, Mrs. A. S. Lashbrook, S. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wright, E. Davis, T. J. Muldoon, C. A. Dunham, A. J. Marrah, Mrs. C. W. Stowell, Mrs. R. L. Ellis, C. Wiemuth.

Twenty-five cents each.—Esther Perry, Loretta Geiser, L. Samuelson, C. Morgan, Frances Jennings, Victoria Szakowska, F. Lenn, F. Murray, Mildred Van Der Hoff, E. C. Martin, W. L. Butcher, W. Woolfe, H. E. Flemsburg, M. H. Nowak, A. Blake, W. H. Reid.

Jos. D. Lever, thirty cents; O. J. Beaudry, ten cents.

MARYLAND

Mrs. and Mrs. John A. Trundle, $2.00.

MICHIGAN

Pearlie Myers, $1.00.

CONNECTICUT

H. D. Lee Clark, $1.00.

PENNSYLVANIA

Catholic Deaf-Mutes, Pittsburg, $2.75; T. F. Dunn, 2.00.

$1.00 each.—L. W. Reick, A. A. Streebach, Irene E. Smutney, Ph. Hubacher, J. C. Losong, E. J. Dunderee, M. G. Geis, J. Spalter, A. J. Voelker, J. H. Jeffreys. Ovid Cohen, 50 cents; Marie Winslow, 25 cents.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Roy J. Stewart, $5.00.

Fifty cents each.—Rev. A. D. Bryant, R. Scott, R. P. Smoak, Mrs. R. P. Smoak, Earl Ridway.

VIRGINIA

C. C. Sullivan, 25 cents.

FLORIDA

The Deaf of St. Cloud, $1.25.

OHIO

Youngstown Silent Club, $15.00.

BELGIUM

William Lipgens, $1.00.

Total Fund, Dec. 13, 1929	$6,647 81

Subjoined is a list of the States and Canada showing how much each had contributed to the De l'Epee Statue Fund of the National Association of the Deaf in the past fifteen years. The State of New York has again earned its title "The Empire State," for it contributed more than three times its nearest competitor. Minnesota is the second largest contributor, probably on account of the residence of Mr. Anton Schroeder, who was at one time a treasurer, and of the late Mr. Henry L. Stafford, one time a chairman.

Missouri comes in as the largest contributor of all the Southern States, for the reason that the late Rev. J. H. Cloud was the first chairman.

Delaware, New Hampshire, Oregon and Vermont are the lowest on the list, contributing less than ten dollars each.

Those States giving more than one hundred dollars each are in this order from high to low: New York State, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Massachusetts and Wisconsin.

Canada, a dominion of the British Empire, and so far as known, its deaf citizens were not members of the N. A. D., yet contributed a sum larger than each of nineteen of our own States.

Alabama	35 00
Arkansas	15 00
Connecticut	88 96
Colorado	24 35
California	94 95
District of Columbia	80 91
Delaware	1 50
Florida	21 10
Georgia	36 55
Indiana	20 42
Iowa	76 70
Illinois	260 04
Kentucky	43 05
Kansas	64 76
Louisiana	96 14
Maine	43 35
Michigan	74 30
Minnesota	516 40
Missouri	171 14
Maryland	38 60
Montana	26 64
Mississippi	26 30
Massachusetts	142 25
North Dakota	45 26
Nebraska	15 85
New York	1,691 93
New Hampshire	9 25
New Mexico	40 40
North Carolina	27 70
New Jersey	94 56
Oklahoma	14 25
Ohio	218 61
Oregon	1 60
Pennsylvania	396 85
Rhode Island	33 25
South Dakota	22 73
South Carolina	39 22
Tennessee	14 45
Texas	40 28
Utah	11 40
Virginia	19 75
Vermont	9 00
Washington	55 10
West Virginia	56 71
Wisconsin	126 40
Canada	38 10
Arizona	None
Idaho	None
Wyoming	None

Another list will be compiled and published some time in July next, which will show considerable changes. Some of the States will forge ahead solely from local pride, as it will be likely after the above list is conned.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM,
Treasurer.

Dec. 13, 1929.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

A daughter was born on the first of December to Mr. and Mrs. John Stein, *nee* Rosie Malinsky.

Our erstwhile young Hamilton friend, Mr. Jesse Batstone, was a guest of the Egginton family over the week-end of December 7th, and you should have seen Edna's roseate blushes.

Mrs. Alice Wheeler and family have moved from Thelma Avenue to Witmore Avenue, in the fashionable Forest Hill district and are living in a beautiful bungalow.

Mr. Harry Sloan, of Churchill, our baseball pitching ace, has just returned home from a fortnight's pleasant sojourn with relatives and friends here.

After the Sunday School service at our West-end branch December 8th, Miss Ethel Griffith was unanimously chosen as treasurer of this class to succeed the late Fred. Parsons.

Mr. Melville Rourke came down from Hamilton to visit old friends over the week-end of December 7th. He is another young sport.

Ever since the death of his beloved wife, Mr. John Terrell has been almost a regular attendant at our Sunday afternoon service and our Epworth League and is getting popular.

Little Helen Frederica, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Howl, was christened at St. John's Church on Glendeman Avenue, on December, 1st. Godparents were Miss Mabel E. Wheeler, Mrs. C. Ray Fletcher and Mr. Herbert B. Riddell. Little Helen is a cute little mite, with all the semblance of her gifted mother, (*nee* Frederica Wheeler.)

That customary jolly chap, Mr. Nicholas Gura, of Oshawa, was up to see his old friends once more, over the week-end of December 7th.

Mr. E. L. Warrington, a young and brilliant student, who is preparing to enter the ministry, was the speaker at our service on December 8th, and spoke very feelingly on our nearness to eternity and of our unpreparedness.

Mr. William Tate, of Hamilton, and Mr. Wilfrid Teague, of Brantford were welcome visitors to our midst over the week-end of December 7th.

With his usual smile, Mr. George Bell, of St. Thomas, dropped into on December 8th, having made a record run down from the "Railroad City" and back again that very day.

Mr. Norman Yeager, of Windsor has returned home, after a week visiting relatives and friends in this city and at Long Branch.

That the quotation in the Bible "He cometh like, a thief in the night" can be justified is seen in this sad case that brought more than a cloud of sorrow to the home of two of our well-known deaf friends. On December 2d, Mr. Frederick Webb, brother of Mrs. Chas. Rolls, retired for the night in high spirits with no thought of anything, but a peaceful slumber. Next morning his wife arose to prepare his breakfast, leaving him, as she supposed to sleep on a little longer. When his morning meal was all set she went to his room and gently tried to make him. Thinking he might be in a stupor, as his body was still warm, the family physician was summoned. On arriving immediately, the doctor simply felt his heart then looked up and said. "He's gone." Such was the Great Reaper's sudden call. The decesed was fifty-five years of age and lived at 1148 Dufferin Street, and leaves a widow and two sons, one in Buffalo, N. Y., and the other at home. He was buried in Prospect Cemetery. To Mr. and Mrs. Rolls and other relatives we extend deepest sympathy.

Our Board of Trustees held its regular monthly meeting on December 10th, and among the matters sifted through were the following:—

Decided to install a new and larger blackboard in the Brigden-Nasmith Hall, with Business Manager Frank Moore looking after its installation. Decided to purchase a new Holy Bible for our church pulpit.

Tendered Frank Moore a vote of profound sympathy on the death of his beloved mother recently. Gave out that any one wanting S. S. quarterlies can have a copy for ten cents, covering a period of three months.

Gave the Welsh Society permission to use the Brigden-Nasmith Hall, and the gymnasium on New Year's Day. Agreed to transfer the Niagara Falls Mission to the city of St. Catherines, commencing in May next.

Mr. J. R. Byrne seems to be digging up wonders that we have not heard of before in the Great Book of Books and his series of lectures on "Bible Wonders," virtually bring to light these facts and the crowds that have been turning out to these lectures are naturally feasting on more knowledge and the lecturer's clear and proper use of the signs greatly help all to understand the meanings he expounds.

Miss Ada James, of Belleville, and her sister, of St. Thomas, were in this city, on a shopping errand over the week-end of December 14th. Glad to see them again.

Mrs. S. McGinnis, a deaf and blind elderly widow, who had been living in rather straightened circumstances in Port Credit, eighteen miles west of this city, was brought here recently and placed in the Clarkwood Institute for the Blind, where she is being given all the comforts of life. Our Board of Trustees generously offered to take in her meagre household effects and keep it in storage in our church basement, until her affairs are finally settled. To Mr. Frank Moore is due our thanks for attending to her wants and putting her in more luxuriant quarters.

Mr. W. R. Watt is our new church superintendent for 1930, and fittingly deserves the position after patiently waiting so long. He and Frank E. Harris ran for the post at an election meeting of our church members, held on December 13th, before a fair turnout, and Mr. Watt won by a good majority. All the other members of our church Board, who were present, declined the honor. Mr. Harris is assistant superintendent. The old Board of Trustees was unanimously endorsed without electioin.

WATERLOO WEE BITS

On Sunday, December 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Newton Black went down to Preston to visit Mrs. Ida Cherry Robertson, who is doing nicely.

Little Margaret Martin, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Absolom Martin, underwent a double operation recently, having her adenoids and tonsils removed. She is progressing nicely. Her oldest sister, Barbara, who is six years old, is a wonder at the sign-language for her age. She does wonderfully well at school and with the winsome, third daughter, Winnifred, who is too cute for words, we cannot blame Mr. and Mrs. Martin for being proud of their "three little maidens" bright and gay.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Patterson, who are now nicely settled in an apartment at 45½ Grand Avenue, Galt, were visitors at the Moynihan's on December 7th, and again on Sunday, December 8th, where they were invited to dinner.

Kitchener and Waterloo deaf held a very pleasured social on Saturday evening, December 7th, in a room put at their disposal at the Kitchener and Waterloo Y. M. C. A., on corner Queen and Weber Streets in Kitchener. Owing to the stormy weather only eleven turned out.

A very dainty supper was served at thirty-five cents a plate, and an aditional ten cents was collected for the fund for the Home for the Aged and Infirm. After Christmas we anticipate gathering every Saturday, but definite plans will later be published under one heading.

Miss Mary McQueen and Mrs. Addie Clark Hamilton, both of Guelph, were present and were guests of Mr. and A. Martin.

Messrs. Norman Erickmeyer and Walter Wagester, of Stratford, were also at the social.

Mrs. Newton Black won the only prize, donated by Mrs. J. A. Moynihan, for guessing how many marbles were heard or felt rattling in a tightly closed tin box. The prize was a dainty blue desk towel, ready stamped in a pretty design of tumblers.

Games and chatting were also the pastime events of the evening.

The Waterloo and Kitchener deaf join your reporter in very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Mr. Gordon Meyer and his father called at the Moynihans on Sunday, December 8th. Mr. Meyer is very much attracted to his deaf son, and interested in the Catholic deaf mission. Mr. Meyer leaves at Centerville, just outside of Kitchener. His address is Kitchener, Route No. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Patterson, of Galt, now have a dandy Ford coupe and frequently motor up this way for a call on friends. Their deaf brother, Walter Patterson, who works in the same place as Lewis does, boards with them.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

While attending the funeral of the late F. J. Gibson in Chicago, on December 17th, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, of Oakville, were pleased to meet Mr. J. T. Shilton, of Toronto, and other Canadians. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are now sojourning down in Sunny Alabama for the winter.

Mr. John Taylor, of Singhampton, reports business in his shoe and harness shop as very brisk, due to the approach of winter, when sleighs and cutters replace the automobiles. The other day a huge balloon passed over John's home in its way from Detroit to Collingwood, but Jack missed seeing it, as he was busy inside.

Mrs. John W. Colclough died near Holmesville, West of Clinton, on December 10th. She was the mother of our two deaf friends, Mr. Lorne Colclough, of Toronto, and his sister, Mrs. William Thackaberry, of Holmesville.

Our old pupil of long ago, Mr. Jas. Reid, of Dundas, formerly of Hamilton, passed into the Eternal Life on December 1st. We understand his death was partly due to an attack of cancer, and he was about seventy years of age.

The Bridgen Literary Society of Toronto are in for a big treat on January 10th. When the Canadian Pacific Railway will give it a good treat of movies, embracing every country in the world over which it traverses, and will show many wonders of foreign origin. All members will be admitted free as well as outside visitors who may come, and they are cordially welcomed. City non-members will be charged fifteen cents, but this show will be worth three times this amount and will consume about two hours.

We regret to hear that Mr. Robert H. Randall, of Paris, lost his beloved mother by death on December 10th.

Mr. Thomas E. Bissell, of Sarnia, has, owing to the closing of navigation on the St. Clair River during the winter, was laid off at the sheds of the Canada Steamship Lines in that city, and gone back to his former job at the H. Mueller Brass Co. He is glad he has a job for the winter.

We wish all your readers a very hapy and prosperous season through 1930.

Mrs. W. R. Smith, of Grimsby, was injured severely in a peculiar accident on December 13th. While walking westerly on the sidewalk toward her home, a motor truck bound in the same direction skidded on the icy roadway and struck a projecting sign, which swung around and struck Mrs. Smith on the head, inflicting deep lacerations. First aid was rendered by Dr. J. H. MacMillian, and hope is held for Mrs. Smith's recovery.

The truck did not stop, but witnesses obtained the license number, which was given to the police.

Mrs. Smith was formerly the wife of the late Arthur C. Cullen, of Cobourg, both graduates of the Belleville school. At time of posting this, the reckless motorist has not been apprended yet, though sought for by the police.

After the death of Fred Parsons, we thought the Silent Reaper had vanished from these parts, but now we find he was still lurking in our midst, and such was proven when he loomed up and snatched another good friend from us for all time in this life. This time his victim was Mrs. Riddell, widow of the late Mr. Robert Ross Riddell, who passed peacefully beyond these shadows on Monday morning, November 25th, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. T. Parker, on Lowther Avenue, in her seventy-eighth year. Though not unexpected, in view of her failing condition, her death has cast much sorrow, for she was a very well known and highly esteemed lady, well liked by all who knew her.

Ever since the death of her second husband, on August 8th, 1925, she had not been any too well and of late had been failing rapidly, in spite of the best care given her.

The late Mrs. Riddell was formerly Miss Sarah Storey and was born in Aurora, twenty-nine miles north of this city. She was the first pupil to enter the old Hamilton School for the Deaf, at Dundurn Castle, and had the late Mrs. Euphemia Terrill as her first teacher. On graduation she married Mrs. John Moore, but though happy, their union was short lived, for Mr. Moore died over forty years ago. By this marriage, two children were born, namely, Marie (now Mrs. J. T. Parker) and Frank Moore, manager of our church. Later on Mrs. Moore married Mr. Robert R. Riddell. By this second union three children were born, Bert, Jessie (now Mrs. S. Crawford, of Buffalo) and Ross, who died during the great influenza epidemic of a few years ago. Mr. Riddell passed away four years ago.

The deceased was a member of our famous Dorcas Society of yesterday and a great friend of the poor. She was a devoted member of our church, from which the funeral was held on November 27th, to Prospect Cemetery. The Rev. L. Hunter officiated, assisted by Mr. J. R. Byrne as interpreter. Mrs. Dr. Forster, of Oakville, spoke very feelingly of the deceased, as a pupil under her mother's tuition and as a highly esteemed friend. The pallbearers were: Charles McLean, A. W. Mason, Frank Moore, his son, John Moore, Bert Riddell and S. Crawford, son-in-law. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

A DEPARTED HERO

In the death of the late George Andrew Irvine at Belleville, on November 17th, a notable and well-known figure ceases to shine in this life. It would take up too much of your space to give a full write-up of his worthy career, but a few lines describing the most interesting parts of his life may be very interesting, especially to the deaf who were at the Belleville school with the deceased's two deaf sisters, the late Miss Eva Irvine and Ethel Irvine, now Mrs. Andrew S. Waggoner, of Hamilton. The deceased succumbed to pneumonia after a brief illness in his forty-fifth year. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Irvine and was born in Belleville, where he was known and beloved by thousands. When the first mail delivery in that city was inaugurated in 1913, George was one of the first mail carriers and held that position until his death, and during all this time was an idol among his patrons, always discharging his duties with tact, courtesy and despatch, and gave his best with the highest conception. When the great war broke out, he promptly answered the bugle call to arms, and went overseas with the Cobourg heavy artillery. We went through this "hell of death" with all the bravery a warrior could do, and when the smoke of battle cleared from this plethora of waste and human blood, George came home unscathed, but somewhat gas smitten, and resumed his old-time duties on the postman's beaten path, serving his patrons as of yore. He was a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 283, G. R. C.—A. F. and A. M., the members of whom attended his funeral in a body, as did the veterans of the Canadian Legion, of which he was an executive.

During his sojourn in the trenches and on the battle field he became known as the "Little Shepherd," on account of his marvelous influence among his comrades and the men's morale in the trenches, and efficiency of the crops in all departments was due to his influence, and it was not generally known that he was one of the heroes, who survived the famous battle of Paschendalle, in which his battery won undying honors. Besides Mrs. Waggoner, he leaves two brothers, Robert, of New York City, and John at home and one sister, Miss Jennie Irving, also at home.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

Wilkinsburg, Pa.

A late report reached us recently to the effect that Floyd Wahl, of Ellwood City, was run down and killed by a speeding auto on Thanksgiving Day. There were no particulars, but it is assumed he was crossing the street at the time. Safety on the street these days is the price of eternal watchfulness as far as the deaf pedestrian is concerned. We have heard of several narrow escapes of deaf persons lately.

Wilkinsburg Division, No. 109, N. F. S. D., seems to be growing in numbers as several new members have been taken in lately. At the regular meeting December 1st, the following officers were elected: President, C. A. Painter, re-elected; Vice-President, Henry Bardes; Secretary, F. A. Leitner; Treasurer, Walter Bosworth; Trustee, three years, Bernad Teitelbaum; Director, Daniel Irvin; Sergeant-at-Arms, George Lawther and Deputy, J. L. Friend.

Reports showed that the Division to be in a healthy condition.

We have to report the removal of Mr. R. N. Marshall, of Vandergrift, where he had been employed for some time past, to his old home town, Parkersburg, W. Va., where he owns property which he wishes to supervise and be with his wife's relatives in that place. We are sorry to lose these pleasant neighbors, but wish them abundant success and prosperity wherever they be.

C. A. Painter informs us that his son, Frank, has matriculated at George Washington University and has started on his course of study with every assurance of success. We certainly congratulate the young man and his parents on his fine success as a beginner and wish him abundant success in his studies.

John Smith, of Mt. Pleasant, conducted what he designated as a "Bunco game" at the W. S. C. Hall, Saturday evening, December 7th. It was a success as far as it went. Old Probs was not kind to the project and kept a good many willing patrons away, but aplenty were present to make the game a pleasant affair. Among those who were successful and awarded prizes were Mrs. Rolshouse, Miss Schifino, Mr. McArthur, Dick Friend, Joe Steveson, Winnifred Blackwell and others. The competition was quite lively and the game held the interest of the competitors throughout.

Wednesday, December 11th, was Boy Scout benefit night at the Edgewood school. Scout Master E. D. Read was in charge and presented quite an interesting program, which pleased a chapel-capacity audience of friends and patrons. The program included first aid demonstrations, lasso stunts, a Pilgrim play, and last, but the whole, it was a successful demonstration of Scout benefits when wisely directed, and the boys certainly showed what they were capable of.

Another benefit dance and "five hundred" was staged at the Edgewood school, Saturday evening, December 14th, to boost the Torresdale Home fund. This was conducted by a committee appointed by the local branch of the P. S. A. D. and was a success in spite of the rather heavy expense of the affair. There was a large attendance, although Christmas shopping and distance kept many willing helpers away. Terpsichore claimed many devotees during the evening and many tables for "500" were occupied, while many others, including the writer, just circulated in the crowd or presented themselves as wall-flowers and conversed, so that, apparently, everybody had a good time in his or her own way. It was reported about fifty-five dolars or more was netted for the benefit, which was not so bad considering circumstances.

These affairs in the interest of the Torresdale Home usually bring together quite a few from a distance, as from Ligonier, New Castle, and other places, which demonstrate the continued interst in the Home hereabouts.

Louis Pagley, of New Castle, has secured employment with the Duquesne Island Lighting and Power Company in Pittsburg and if it be permanent he will bring his family and locate in the Northside. His business in his home town was growing too slack to suit him.

G. M. T.

Henry Harris, a deaf-mute, who is a gas-fitter, and of considerable strength, but withal very gentle unless he gets excited, on Sunday, December 15th, while riding in a car, resisted being robbed of his roll, containing forty-five dollars, by two men, one being colored. A fight ensued, the car was stopped, a policeman called, and the two men and Mr. Harris were taken to the Station House.

Later in Court, after an explanation was furnished by Mr. Harris, the two men were sentenced to six months in prison.

CHICAGO

The hearing son of the late George T. Schoolfield, a teacher of the Kentucky deaf schools, is in a hospital at Oak Park, Ill., with his face paralyzed on one side. In this condition he is unable to speak, but he talks well in the sign-language. Rev. Hasenstab went in an automobile driven by C. Sharpnack last Sunday, to see the patient, and reports his condition as being improved a little.

Misses Leona Sapinski and Loretta Blake, returning home after the close of a party held by Chicago Division No. 106, Saturday, December 14th, were held up by robbers near their home. The former was robbed of her handbag, containing a small sum of money, keys, et cetera, but the latter was not searched for money, as she carried no bag. They were dropped at a point near their home, after riding with a few deaf girls in an automobile driven by P. Dadden. They were walking toward home, when they were halted with the above result.

Charles Sharpnack's automobile, which was stolen last month, was recovered last Wednesday. He left it for a while and returned, finding it had disappeared. After reporting the theft to the police, they searched every garage and found one answering the description. Mr. Sharpnack was called to identify it, and he recognized it by its color, marks and bent bumper, as his own, except the license, which was changed.

A service, conducted by Rev. Hasenstab at the M. E. Mission, Sunday, December 15th, was well attended, followed by an interesting talk by Miss L. Sheridan, who came here from Indiana last week, to spend one month. After that, the installation of new officers of the Brotherhod organized by young men last month was held.

A "Collegian Night," held by Chicago Division, No. 106, at Crystal Hall, Saturday evening, December 14th, was largely attended. The guests indulged in games and social conversation till after midnight. The same division desires a large attendance at a New Year's Eve Whoopee, to be held at Occidental Hall, Wednesday, December 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCarthy, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. A. Charette, gave a nice luncheon at their home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. DesRocher, of Pullman, Ill., some time ago, a number of deaf friends, on their invitation, being on hand to enjoy the gay occasion.

H. Stahr and Willie Schaub, both of St. Louis, Mo., who were at the funeral of F. P. Gibson, met their old acquaintances, Mrs. Ed. Des Rocher and others, former residents of the city.

Mrs. H. Witte, who went to Wisconsin, near Madison, last month, to attend the funeral of her brother, who died aged sixty-five, returned home this month.

The Ephpheta Social center held a monthly business meeting at its club house, Sunday, December 15th, at 4 P.M. After supper, they went up to the chapel to enjoy a movie operated by C. Yanzito.

The Christmas sale held at the Ephpheta club house, December 1st, netted $950, with more to come in soon.

A charity party, for the benefit of the Home for Aged Deaf, will be held by the members of Rev. Flick's church, at the Silent Athletic club house, Saturday, January 11th.

Meyer M. Jacobs, financial secretary of the Silent Athletic Club, mailed out letters to invite every mute to visit the club for an enjoyable time and social conversation, to keep up the spirits of the club. The pool tables, bowling, etc., are kept in good order.

Mrs. Jennie Kingon left for Montgomery, Ala., to spend the winter with a friend.

Mrs. James Gibney left for Kansas City, Mo., to spend the Christmas holidays with her son. Mr. Gibney expects to follow.

T. Emery Bray, Superintendent of the Wisconsin deaf school, was called to Oklahoma, Tuesday, December 10th, by the death of his father, who died at the home of the latter's daughter. The deceased was eighty years old, and was born in Cuba City, Wis., the first white child to be born within the present city limits. He is survived by four sons and one daughter. Superintendent Bray accompanied the body from Oklahoma to Wisconsin, Friday, December 13th, for burial.

The Delavan Division, No. 80, of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, held a meeting at the I. O. O. F. hall, Saturday evening. The new officers for the year 1930 were elected as follows: President, Percy Goff; vice-president, Francis McLean; secretary, Orville Robinson; treasurer, Henry Hirte; director, Christian Hirte; sergeant, Marvin Goff; trustee for three years, Harry Wille.

Mrs. Gertrude Pynn entertained on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Mary Stam, nurse at the Wisconsin State School for the Deaf, who has resigned her position and is leaving for Milwaukee to take up further training.

Mrs. H. Odom gives the following news about the doings of the colored deaf:

A big turkey dinner was given at the Community House, Thanksgiving Day. Short talks were made by Messrs. Thomas, Gatson, Johnson and Bates, after which games were played, the coveted first prize being carried off by Mr. C. B. Poole.

Mr. M. Baugh and Miss Mary Davis were quietly married last week. They have our congratulations.

Little Virginia Milbron entertained a few friends at her home last week, the occasion being her fifth birthday anniversary.

Mr. Robert Johnson, of Detroit, Mich., spent Thanksgiving among friends here. He combined business with pleasure, but it was more of a business nature.

At this writing, Mrs. Mary Shepherd is a patient at the Cook Co. Hospital. We hope she will be among us again soon.

THIRD FLAT

427 S. Robey St.

OHIO

Students in the Ohio School, from the seventh grade up, were given an examination by the State Department of Education last week. The same test was given to all schools in Ohio. This is something new for our students and we have not yet heard how they compared with other schools, but the test was an eye opener as to what Ohio schools are doing.

The Christmas recess begins December 20th and continues until January 6th. Probably owing to non-employment in many sections of the state, a few more pupils will remain at school than in the past.

We quote the following from Dr. J. W. Jones' editorial in the Ohio *Chronicle* of December 14th:—

PREPARING FOR DISAPPOINTMENT

Frequently some interested father or mother calls in the office to discuss the education of a deaf child, having in mind only one thing and they call that lip-reading. Of course, with its goes speech. Everything else is lost sight of, however much desired an education may be. They do not want the sign-language or finger spelling.

After thirty-five years of hearing such requests and watching for results, we cannot help but realize what a great disappointment is in store for them, no difference where the child attends school.

They know nothing about what they ask. They have read a great many exaggeration and they watch for every sign and symptom to bolster up their highest ambition. No one can blame them for that. Any parent of a deaf child would wish it to talk and to read the lips and to secure for it a good education.

But what percent of the deaf make good lip-readers and good talkers? We refer to the real deaf not to the semi-deaf and the semi-mutes. Occasionally there is a wonderful speech reader. Such people can understand the speech of another apparently without effort and from any angle.

But in a reunion of several hundred former pupils at any of our schools, two or three such great lip-readers will likely be present. The decrease from those down is very rapid and the vanishing point is reached quickly. The large mass of them depend upon other means of communication and like them. They get much pleasure and happiness out of the friendly intercourse they have with each other and with those with whom they can talk. When they come in contact with those who do not know the sign-language and finger spelling, pencil and pad are short, sure and conclusive. They seem to enjoy that means of communication also and those who write with them likewise get pleasure out of it.

We know what disappointment is in store for these ambitious parents and it makes us sad. When we urge upon them the beauties of a combined education and the profit and pleasure children get out of it, it makes them sad.

This is the unhappy spot in our work. It might be spoken of as the blind spot, because the parents cannot see through it.

Mr. Frederick Moore, who is now located on a small farm north of Columbus, occasionaly gets into town, and last Saturday evening, he let members of the Clionian Society see some fine signing when he told them a few stories. One day he called at the *Chronicle* office to see his how friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kennedy, were faring. The three were among the deaf dropped from Superintendent Pope's New Jersey School last June. The Columbus deaf would like to see Mr. Moore often.

When the American Bowling Congress is held in Cleveland in early spring, Mr. P. D. Munger, of Ohio, Mr. Hetzler, of Indiana, and Mr. H. M. Leiter, of Chicago, will be among the thousands participating.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Columbus Branch, N. F. S. D.: President, Mr. Louis LaFountain; Vice-President, Basil Grigsby; Secretary, Joseph Arnold; Treasurer, Mr. Beckert; Director, Walter Kurtz: Trustee for three years, W. Shaffer, Sergeant, Charles Martin; deputy, J. Fryfogle. Most of these officers are employed at the school.

The Greater Cleveland Association of the Deaf have elected the following officers for 1930: President, David Friedman; Vice-President, C. R. Neille; Secretary, R. F. Callaghan. The society meets every two months.

Rev. F. C. Smielau conducted a service in Columbus December 16th, at Trinity Parish House. He is always a welcome caller in Columbus.

The Piqua Aid Society of the Deaf met Saturday night at G. A. R. Hall with a full attendance, and held an enthusisatic election of new officers for 1930, the result being: Mrs. Wm. Slonkowski for president; Ronald Marshall, vice-president; R. Black, secretary; Oren Riddle, treasurer; Wm. Slonkowski, assistant treasurer; Herman Ankerman, custodian. Two new members were admitted, with the prospect of additional ones later.

It was decided to have a goodwill banquet some time in January. As it has been its annual custom, the society voted to donate ten dollars as a Christmas gift to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf near Westerville, which has been maintained for many years by the deaf of Ohio. The next meeting will be on January 11th.

Mr. Roy Conkling and his wife were in Piqua, December 14th, shopping and attended the meeting of the Piqua Society. He let it be known that the printing shop where his *American Deaf Citizen* is printed met with an accident and his paper will be late coming out. A wall gave way and fell on the press. Better get into a safer building to do the work now, if Marseille has one. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Albert, of Dayton, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stokes, of Springfield, were recent visitors in Piqua. The Alberts are always on hand at the National Cash Register shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Stokes' daughter, Oletha, accompanied them to Piqua, where she will remain, in hopes of finding some profitable position. She will, for the present, be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Slonkowski.

A New Year's Evening Party for the Columbus Frats is advertised. It is to be in charge of Mr. Jesse Inman and will be open from 4 P.M., December 31st, till January 1st, 12:30 A.M.

We extend to all our best wishes for the coming year, and trust it will be a prosperous one for the deaf.

E.

FANWOOD

On Friday afternoon, December 20th, at 1:15 o'clock, the officers, teachers, pupils, parents and friends assembled in the Chapel for the Christmas Tree Party. Following is the program presented:—

I. Christmas Greeting .... Gaspare Arena and others

"My wish is big, my size is small,
Whatever shall I do?
Upon some trusty friends I'll call
Who'll help tell it to you!"

II. Recitation.

"The Three Kings," by Longfellow— Felix Kowalewski
Read by Clara Herman

III. Christmas Carols.

1. "Santa Claus" .... Mrs. Watson's Class, Mrs. Dedrick's Class
2. "Little Children, Can You Tell?" .... Miss Scofield's Class
3. "The Little Sheep" .... Miss Teegarden's Afternoon Class
4. "The Joyous Tones" .... Miss Peck's Morning Class
5. "We'll Ring the Merry Christmas Bells" .... Mrs. Nies' Afternoon Class
6. "Shine Out, O Blessed Star" .... Mrs. Nies' Morning Class
7. "Silent Night, Holy Night" .... Miss Otis' Morning Class
8. "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" .... Miss Teegarden's Morning Class, Miss Otis' Afternoon Class, Dr. Fox's Class

IV. A Christmas Talk .. The Principal

V. Santa Claus .... Himself

VI. Distribution of Gifts.

Santa Claus was impersonated by Lieutenant Lux. Principal Gardner gave an interesting talk to the children. Many gifts were distributed by Santa, assisted by the teachers. The candy given to the children was the gift of the President of the Institution, who was present. The Christmas Tree and greens, also the cost of the rental of Santa Claus' costume, were the gift of the family of the late Professor William G. Jones.

The committees were made up as follows:—

General Supervision, Dr. Fox.

Kindergarten Group, Mrs. Fox and teachers.

Upper Group: Entertainment.—Misses Teegarden, Scofield, Berry, Shirley. Decorations. — Misses Otis Dolph, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Dedrick. Gifts.—Mrs. Nies and Misses Bost, Judge and Peck.

The Christmas recess started at the close of the festival, and most of the pupils went home, to be gone till school opens again on Monday, January 6th.

Miss Madeline Szernetz invited ten of her schoolmates to a glorious party at her home in Springfield, L. I., during the recent recess. Those present were Anna Rohlfing, Angeline Durso, Sylvia Auerbach, Congetta Ferrando, Fannie Weishouse, Catherine O'Brien, Peggy Reston, Irene Gourdeau, Edna Jensen and Celia Kalmanowitz. They had delicious eats, and a glorious time.

On a holiday card to Mr. Hollander, a former pupil, Carlos M. Astor, of Porto Rico, asked that his holiday greetings be extended to all the pupils and friends whom he knows at Fanwood. We remember Carlos as a very reserved and dignified boy, but withal he had many friends, and obviously cannot greet each one separately.

Santa Claus, in the guise of a clumsy subway passenger, trod on Cadet Color Sergeant Albert Boyajian's heel, dislodging his rubber shoe. Albert, being a real New Yorker, took such things for granted, and silently went to the car vestibule and stooped down readjust the waterproof footgear, and behold!—there before his eyes on the floor was a five dollar bill. It is a Merry Christmas for our Color Sergeant.

"GIB"—MORT!

(Continued from first page)

Lincoln and Washington, too; so Gib is in good company.

2:47; the casket stops forever. Journey's End.

Our Captain is safe in the harbor. It is the end of the trail. And the end of all his trials.

The two clodhoppers (its all in the day's work for them—what's one funeral more or less to journeymen grave-diggers who have seen so many?) quickly tore back the mass of blooms, revealing the garish yellow-mound of fresh-dug dirt. They remove band-tapes and iron paraphernalia. One leaps down and, with heedless hoof, pushes the wooden lid atop the box into which the casket has been lowered.

And now—for the first time—smooth-faced, debonair and dapper Don Gibson raises his voice in command. (Don't let that guileless look deceive you sonny; Don is no sissy, he is a true son of the Grand Old Frat—has two would-stripes, motor-cycle dispatch-bearer in the Argonne. If the Huns and all hell couldn't stop him, once he got going, neither can you. So pipe down, quick.)

Obedient to Don's barked command, clodhopper hops down atop the lid. Finds it careens from side to side—too many flowers on the casket. Raises the lid, and Don carefully directs what flowers are to be removed. A quick dart of his hand, and something flashes through the air to lie on the sombre casket. The shining object seems to be a knife. Maybe a tradition of the Gibsons; maybe a ritual of his regiment; maybe — but who knows? Don volunteers no information; and if you are wise, don't ask. Some things are too intimately personal to be brashly broached—especially to a man who rode hell-bent-for-blazes over shell-torn roads, carrying dispatches on which hung the hives of thousands of soldiers and the hopes of the Allies.

2:52; quicker than it takes to tell, the ordeal is over. The lid now fits so snugly on the wooden box that no descending dirt can ooze through to defile the rich texture of the silken casket. Like two mechanical Robots, the two gravediggers hastily shovel yellowish dirt into the yawning chasm—glad to do something to warm themselves. Each scattering shovelful seems to clump on your own heart as it tumbles down. Are we dreaming? Can it be the great Gib — our Gib — the ever vividly-alive and alert and active Gib—is right now being forever concealed from sight with a messy half-ton of cheap dirt?

2:55; Don and his widowed mother and their family roll off. Look away reverently; their grief is more acute and poignant than your own, no doubt.

2:57; all the yellow dirt is done—the last crumbs being swept in from off the green award. Now huge chunks of frozen black top-soil tumble down with sickening thuds. Heavy. Heavy—like that lump in your throat.

3:01; Hopping over the clods, clodhoppers have filled the grave and now begin to toss huge handfuls of flowers around it. The big Gibson family plot is a solid mass of floral beauty, knee-high, for a radius of five yards on each side. Some of us pick a bud, or a spray—memorials to be hung and framed, prized souvenirs or tokens. I pluck a bud for parliamentarian Edwin Hazel, out in Omaha—a true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool Gibson adherent, if there ever was one. It almost broke his little heart to be unable to come. The state bank examiner had just closed the bank containing all his funds.

3:07; flowers are all placed. One big tripod-display, high as my head tumbles down three times right on top of the grave, as if trying to kiss the still, sad smiling lips below. Three times those clumsy clodhoppers stamp over the flowers to replace it.

Joe Cordano, of Kalamazoo, division—the big burly brute who was sergeant-at-arms at Denver, and saw Gib's triumphal vindication when the wrong of 1905 was righted—comes up with troubled eyes. Do I think it will be disrespectful to the dead—desecrating the grave, you know—if he removes the cheap purple ribbon from Kalamazoo's big display? Why? Wants to hang it in his lodge hall as a sacred souvenir. Okay. "Sure?" "Certainly; I know Gib would thank you for your kindly thought, were he here." Big Joe's eyes gleam in mute gratitude. He reverently removes the ribbon.

3:11; Everybody has gone. I am left alone. Alone with my memories and barren trees and the snow and the grave of our Grand Old Frat. A final farewell look, a final whispered good-bye—and I too hurry away.

For it is bitterly cold. "And the living must live though the dead be dead."

(Next Week—After the Funeral)

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSION.

Dioceses of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 518—9th Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 P.M. Bible class, other Sundays of each month at same hour.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 11 A.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Services by Appointment:—Virginia: Lynchburg, Danville, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney, Parkersburg, Clarksburg, Fairmont, etc.

"Gibson Takes Last Ride"

Wednesday, December 4, 1929, this message was flashed to all points of the compass: "President Gibson died this morning following operation."

Oh! what poignant grief this message brought to the world of the deaf. Gibson dead? Gone? Impossible! He seemed so full of vitality and life when we saw him last. Why, only last week the news came that he had been ill, but was recovering, and now we hear he is gone.

With the death of Gibson, the deaf men and women of America, and even the whole world, have lost a friend, one of the staunchest fighters of all deafdom was he. So big, and yet so small, that even the most obscure member of the great N. F. S. D., which Gibson nursed from infancy to virile strength, prided himself that Francis P. Gibson, the great "Gib," was his personal friend.

F. P. Gibson, during his lifetime, arranged many special trains. "Gibson Specials" were the delight of all deaf travelers, and now he has gone on his last long journey, and another 'Gibson Special' goes off into history.

"Oh! Mr. Conductor on this last great train, take care to deliver him at his destination, tell your engineer to drive safely, and slow down for dangerous curves, deliver this Precious Soul to the All Highest on time."

"The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkened our world,
We have lost him; he is gone;
We know him now; All narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise.
With what sublime repression of himself,
and in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
and in what limits, and how tenderly;
Above it all he stood a man."

TROY C. HILL.

We all know what we should do, but most of us do as we please.

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TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL
MASQUERADE AND BALL
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D.
Saturday, March 8, 1930
COLUMBUS CLUB BALL ROOM
"The Ballroom Beautiful"

Fanwood A. A.
N. Y. Inst. for the Deaf
Friday, Afternoon, May 30, 1930
10th Annual Athletic Meet
(Particulars later)

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 84 Lawrence Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Abraham Barr, 1018 East 163d Street, New York City.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.
The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.
Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, James P. McGovern, 1535 Taylor Ave., Bronx.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,
143 West 125th St., New York City.
Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Samuel Frankenheim, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary. 143 West 125th Street, New York City

Evangelical Association of the Deaf
UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant
Every Sunday
Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets. Room 15.
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles.
A hearty welcome to all the deaf

Harlem Silent Club of Colored Deaf
Apt. 44—2605 Eighth Ave., New York City
The object of the club is to promote the social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.
Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on the first Thursday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club.
Clarence Basden, President; Howell Young, Secretary, 140 West 133d St., N. Y. City.

Detroit Association of the Deaf
Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Sunday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf
511 West 148th Street, New York City
REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate
Services every Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.
Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30, except Saturdays. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

"The Best and Largest Deaf Club in the West"
SPHINX CLUB
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Has Dance Hall, Stage, Gymnasium, Library, Dining Room, Lounge Room, Pool Room, Janitor Service.
250 members and going strong.
Open every night. Out-of-town visitors welcome. 35-3m.

Clerc Literary Association
Founded September 22, 1865
3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.
Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.
Arthur Fowler, President; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer, P. O. Box 81, Merchantville, N. J.; Howard E. Arnold, Secretary, 63 East Montana Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.
Meets Third Sunday of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Secretary, 690 East 137th Street, Bronx. Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-thirty, at Temple Emanu-El, 1 East 65th Street, New York.

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National Association of the Deaf
16th Triennial Convention
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(TO BE HELD IN AMERICA)
BUFFALO, N.Y., August 4 to 9, 1930
Headquarters: HOTEL STATLER
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Saturday evening
DECEMBER 28, 1929
at 8 o'clock
80 Greene Avenue
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Gates Ave. car stops at door
Admission ....35 Cents
Including refreshments and presents
ELIZABETH M. ANDERSON, *Chairman.*

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The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

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177 South 9th Street
Between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street, one block from Williamsburg Bridge Plaza
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SATURDAY DECEMBER 28, 1929
at 8 P.M.
Admission - - - - 50 cents
Including refreshments, gift and wardrobe
JOHN HEIL, *Chairman.*

Brooklyn Section, Council of Jewish Women
announces a
Tuesday Evening Gym Class
to be held every Tuesday evening beginning on Tuesday evening, December 10, 1929, at 8:30 P.M.
at
PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 182
Dumont Avenue and Vermont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MEN WOMEN CHILDREN
FREE—ALL WELCOME

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Winter Carnival
Auspices of
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Manhattan, No. 87
Bronx, No. 92
of the N. F. S. D.
Receipts to be devoted towards the entertainment of the delegates and visitors of the Boston 1931 Convention
Saturday Evening, January 11, 1930
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MASONIC TEMPLE
310 Lenox Avenue, near 125th Street
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Tickets, - - - - 75 Cents
A GOOD TIME FOR ALL—COME!

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Saturday, February 15, 1930
(Particulars later)

Reserved for
Men's Club of St. Ann's Church
February 8th, 1930

REMEMBER
This space is reserved for the Hebrew Association of Deaf
Saturday, March 22, 1930
(Particulars later)

SILENT BASKET BALL LEAGUE
(Tournament)
Reserved for
BROWNSVILLE SILENT CLUB
February 22, 1930

Reserved for the
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Auspices of the
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To be held at the
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MUSIC BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND
Saturday Evening, January 18, 1930
ADMISSION - - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR
LESTER COHEN, *Chairman.*

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FOR THE SICK AND DEATH BENEFIT
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NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES' SOCIETY, Inc.
to be held at
THE ROYAL BALL ROOM
71 BLOOMFIELD AVE., NEWARK, N. J.
(NEAR HIGH STREET)
Saturday Evening, January 25th, 1930
at 7:30 o'clock
ADMISSION, - - - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR
(Including Wardrobe)
MUSIC BY POPULAR ORCHESTRA
Directions:—Take Bloomfield trolley car marked "Montclair" or "Caldwell" at the Park Place Hudson Tube or Public Service Terminal and get off at High Street.

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N. F. S. D.
TURNGEMEINDE HALL
Broad Street and Columbia Avenue
Saturday Evening, February 22, 1930
(eight o'clock)
Admission, One Dollar
DANCE MUSIC CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES

ENTERTAINMENT
(Particulars later)
for the benefit of the
EDWARD MINER GALLAUDET MEMORIAL FUND
At St. Ann's Church
511 West 148th Street
New York City
Saturday Evening, January 11th, 1930
Auspices of the
METROPOLITAN CHAPTER
of the
GALLAUDET COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION